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SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870

Subject: All Hail!

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# PLYMOUTH PULPIT:

A Weekly Publication

OR

## SERMONS

PREACHED BY

## HENRY WARD BEECHER.



NEW-YORK:

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# AUTHORIZATION.

Brooklyn, January, 1869.

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HENRY WARD BEECHER.

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### THE SUBJECTS OF VOL. III. ARE

I. Watchfulness. II. Paul and Demetrius. III. Consolations of the Suffering of Christ. IV. Treasure that Cannot be Stolen V. Bearing, but not Overborne. VI. The Holy Spirit. VII. Ideal Standard of Duty. VIII. Faults. IX. The Comforting God. X. The Name Above Every Name. XI. National Unity. XII. Social Obstacles to Religion.	XIII. Christ, the Deliverer. XIV. The God of Pity. XV. Sin Against the Holy Ghost. XVI. Inheritance of the Meek. XVII. Memorials of Divine Mercy. XVIII. The Victorious Power of Faith XIX. The Peace of God. XX. Coming to One's Self. XXI. Fragments of Instruction. XXII. The Substance of Christianity XXIII. Spiritual Blindness. XXIV. Perfect Peace. XXV. Preparation for Death.
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## ALL HAIL!

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"As they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail. And they came, and held him by the feet, and worshipped him. Then said Jesus unto them, Be not afraid: go tell my brethren, that they go into Galilee, and there shall they see me."—MATT. xxviii. 9, 10.

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It seems appropriate that on such a day as this, we should turn aside from a more formal discourse, and review, with some familiarity, the scenes, or some part of the scenes, which transpired upon the occasion which all the world joyfully celebrate to-day.

We have selected, for our opening sentence, the first words which our Master spake, and which are recorded. They are the words of cheer and of hope. He brought from the grave with him no chill. He came back from death with no message of terror. He had been in the spirit-land, and in the spirit of it had returned again most companionable, to recognize his friends, to pity their weakness, to reassure them with love and confidence, and to fill them with joy.

All the circumstances of our Lord's return are full of exquisite beauty. The things omitted, as well as the things told, are worthy of note. The sepulchre was shut. And during his sleep no word is spoken. There is no dwelling upon the morbid features of his death. The whole description of our Lord's crucifixion is sublimely abstinent and simple. A few strong lines are drawn upon the dark and stormy background, and the main features stand out never to be forgotten. Beyond that there is no attempt at effect—nothing minute—no stroke after stroke to work up the effect. He is laid away quietly; and just enough incidental record is given to enable our imagination to follow the events—and not always to follow them consecutively. There is many a gap to be filled up. There are some things that we cannot reconcile: not because they were irreconcilable, but simply because some link was left untouched. There is a sublime carelessness in the record.

He was conveyed by loving hands—though not by those of his disciples—to his rest in the rock-hewn sepulchre. Nothing more is said. How he was borne in, what tears fell upon him, what lamentations

there might have been, we are not told; nor anything of his condition while lying there. No light is held, by the record, at the sacred portal, to reveal the form that lies muffled within. It might have heightened some dramatic interest: it was deemed, however, not profitable to deal in this matter. Nor are we shown the act of the resurrection itself. In none of the narratives is the precise time of the first act given, nor any approaching symptoms of emotion. All that we know is reflected from the experience of those outside. There is no revelation, by a line, of what went on within. Nor has the Master ever spoken a syllable of his own experience. All that is recorded from his lips is of the most general character. He speaks of the past in the most generic manner. He never specializes, never details, and never draws out at length any one experience. Had we, that are of an inquisitive temper, with a habit of analyzing our own experiences and those of others, and with the philosophic curiosity which is so common to our age—had we been in the disciples' place, we should have asked a thousand questions of our Lord respecting his sufferings; of his thoughts while suffering; of his state after death; as to where his spirit roamed, or went; of his resurrection to life; of the power by which it was effected; of his earliest thought in rising from his bier. But none of all these things ever appear to have been asked, and certainly to them no answer was given. At any rate, there is no trace, there is no record, of any.

The time, however, is to be noticed. For, in reading of what the affectionate women did, we learn what was the period of our Lord's resurrection. No stress is laid upon the fact; no effort is made to set forth the divine reappearance in the dawning light of the early morning; but it is said, not with reference to Christ, but in explanation of the women's conduct, that it was between dark and light that Christ came again. "As it began to dawn," says one; "When it was yet dark," says another; "Very early in the morning," says a third; and all of them are descriptive of the dawn of day out of the darkness of night. Long before men came forth to work; before the air was burdened with noises; just as the first tentative notes of waking birds began to be heard; while the leaf unshaken was yet loaded with dew; while nature was cool, and pure, and tender, as if newly made—in this early morning hour it was, that Christ came forth into newness of life from the sepulchre.

Think what you will of it, I never stand in a summer's morning before the sun dawns, long before waked by birds, to look out upon the yet dim and dusky landscape, that I do not think that this is the hour of resurrection. As the night held the day, but could not long hold it, and unclasped its dark arms to let forth the morning again, so

every day is, to them that have an imagination therefor, a resurrection day, and sets forth all these most noble and beauteous features in nature, and symbolizes forever and forever the resurrection of our Master.

Why do we need robes, and why do we need church symbols, when every feature of nature itself is one divinely constituted symbolization, not simply of spiritual truths, but, if well used, of almost every event that occurred in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ? And no other one thing more beautifully symbolizes the resurrection than the silent coming of our day, every morning, from out of the darkness of night, saying to those that have ears to hear, "All hail!"

But of all this there is not one word of detailed description. He waked, he arose, he came forth, he looked abroad, he cast off his grave-clothes, and moved away—though not out of the garden; and yet, all this we must imagine.

Is this history, then, an invention? A thousand hands are busy to-day, to tear away the evidence of its reality, some tracing all the way up through the ages, if peradventure they can find some superstitious monk, or some counterfeiting hand, to show that the Gospel sprang thence. A thousand are scrutinizing the events, and laying one over against another, if peradventure they may find that it was not written by the men who professed to narrate it. Is this history an invention? Did cunning hands form it to impose upon the world? Did superstitious devotees forge the narrative, and then leave the most tempting parts for effect untouched? These omissions, these very neglects to specify the personal experiences of our Lord, are themselves evidences of divinity. The points of ordinary, ardent curiosity are passed by. An inventor would have seized them. They would have been strong points in an invention. But there is a noble negligence in the Gospels which can be explained only on the theory that artless men were telling the truth as it appeared to them, not for a purpose, not even with a philosophical insight into it, but as a simple record of facts of which they or some of their company were eye-witnesses. And there it stands, beautifully simple, and in many respects imperfect—not imperfect in the sense in which that phrase will convey a meaning to your ear, but imperfect in the sense which John means when he says, "If all the words which our Lord spoke, and all the things which he did, were written in a book, I suppose the whole world would not be able to contain it."

We have but a portion, we have but a fragment, of any part of the life of Christ. None of his discourses are fully given. None of his days are fully journalized. None of the great events of his history are entirely made out. It is but a sketch. And since we have but this outline, the beauty of it, the coherence of it, the divinity of it, the power

which it has exerted, and still is exerting in all the world, can scarcely be accounted for on any other ground than that it is true.

It is to be noticed, too, that it was love and fidelity that first found out the resurrection, and that it was not the love of the disciple band—not even of John; but that the deeper and more tender love of woman was the pioneer of discovery. The disciples doubtless held in their hearts the memory of Christ. We may well suppose that theirs was a sleepless night—a night of watching, of prayer and of supplication; but the night and the morning to the women were of tender service. It was still the heart of woman to do. It was still the labor of her hand, if might be, to crown with memorials of tenderest affection, the form from which the life had passed. And of all the women, there is no intimation that Mary, the mother of Jesus, was there. But Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Joanna, and other women, were present. They had come laden with ointments for embalming the body. They had no hope to see the eye beam upon them again. They never expected to hear those words from his lips which had thrilled their hearts before. It was a service of disinterested, complete and ever-remembering love, such as women's hearts know best how to cherish and how to express.

They gathered around about the twilight tomb. They came, and oh! surprising was the sight. That massive stone, which defied the lifting of their tender hands, was already rolled away, though on the road they had communed with each other, how they might gain entrance to bestow their pious care upon the body of the Saviour. And on the stone sat the angel. Two there had been—the angel at the head, and the angel at the feet. Francesco Francia of old has represented these two angels most exquisitely—one as the angel of the past, remembering grief, and the other as the angel of the future, only hoping for the time to come. And so one angelic form is sad, and the other is bright and radiant.

The women counted not these things; they felt. They communed, with full alarm and full joy—for both strove within them for expression.

The narrative is as dramatic as words can be made. It came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, entering again into the sepulchre, behold, they saw two young men sitting on the right side, clothed in long, white, shining garments. And they were afraid. And as the women bowed down their faces to the earth, in obeisance—for there was something divine in their appearance—the men answered and said unto them, “Be ye not affrighted, for we know that ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, that was crucified. Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here. He is risen, as he said.” And they remembered his words. And they departed quickly, and fled from the

sepulchre, with fear and great joy. For they trembled and were amazed. Neither said they anything. For they were afraid, and did run to bring his disciples word.

But Christ was yet lingering in the garden. He had not gone forth. He knew that they were coming. He had already, by that divine insight which he had, perceived their coming on, and waited for them. He waits ever more for those who are seeking him, whether it be in the early morning light, or in mid-day. He is ready to receive those who are seeking their peace and their joy through love in him.

It is somewhat significant that he did not go to the great city over against him. There is no evidence that he went to it at all. It was then coming slowly into light. There was nothing in Jerusalem that his heart craved to see again. Galilee was his early home, and it was thither that his thoughts were now moving. And therefore it was that he charged those that first found him to go on toward Galilee.

His first words, of which we shall speak more in a moment, are memorable, in this, that he seems, without saying it, to have turned away from Jerusalem, the scene of his trial, of his shame, of his suffering, of his anguish, of his death, and points back again to Galilee, the scene of his fair youth, the sweet remembrances of which doubtless came back to him even in this hour of the morning of the resurrection.

But mark the words :

"As they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail! And they came and held him by his feet and worshipped him. And then said Jesus, Be not afraid!"

*All hail! Be not afraid.* These may almost be called the voices of the grave. Within the hour of his coming forth, doubtless they had met him. The cool of the rock was yet upon his brow. The sadness of death was yet scarcely cleansed from his eye. He came from death and the grave, saying, "All hail! Be not afraid."

His was the inspiration of the other world coming through, as a narrow passage, the grave—the rock-grave. He spake in the spirit of the land from which he had come; and to every one that has heard of Jesus, from that day to this, that voice still rings out. His salutation to each one is, "All hail!" and to every one his greeting is, "Be not afraid." Very God, our Judge yet to be, holding the destiny of every man in his hands, the sovereign Lord and Monarch, yet he meets every one who goes to him, how poor soever he may be, how sinful, how neglected, how outcast; and his greeting is, "All hail to thee!" And to every one that looks up, and is conscious of his greatness, still his greeting is, "Be not afraid."

But, in the local interpretation of it, going back to the thought that this is the language which first was breathed from Christ's lip as he came forth from the sepulchre, how strange is the interpretation which

it gives to the grave ! What does the grave say to you, and to me, and to every one that looks into it ? What "hail" has it, as we stand by its side, to look down into its narrow passage ? What cheer breathes forth from it ? What does it say to us but, "Corruption and Decay ?" What does it say but, "I am the end of all glory ?" Oh ! we go from the clasping and the caress and the kiss to the grave, that has neither kiss nor caress nor clasping. We leave behind us the heart as we go to bury our dead. We cling to them. We look wistfully after them. And as the sad soil beats upon the drumming coffin, with horror in the sound, what says the ground to us, but, "Go back again, earth to earth. All is over and ended ?" And yet, what might it say to us, if we were but wise to interpret it. "Here thine eye shall see nothing more, but look up, and look through, and look beyond ; for to thine heart there is immortality beyond." The grave is but the shutting of the angel-hand that keeps the treasure, and conveys it safely to the other side. As they that sail over the seas go down into the vessel, and are hid, so the grave is but the resting-place of the dead for a little time—not decay ; not loss ; not final separation in darkness. No ; instructed by these words, the voice should sound out to every one of us, that comes to the grave-side, "All hail !" and as we look again, "Be not afraid." And as we are cheered and comforted, and lift up our heads, the voice is still, again, "Go tell my disciples. Make known to them that which has been joy and peace to you."

And see ; this is not only the voice of the grave, but there is in this *hailing* of the disciples, and in this cheer, the interpretation of the truths of Christ Jesus. The very genius of Christianity, as it is afterwards developed in the recorded words of Christ, is contained in this simple greeting of our Master to those that so early sought him. This cordial greeting, this greeting as of blessings—"All hail!"—is the greeting which Christ makes still to the poorest, to the most needy.

For, foremost among those that thus early met him, was Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast so many devils. And whether the ancient legend of the church be true or not, that she had been a woman lost to virtue and restored again, it is very certain that she had been under the dominion of foul demons, and had been restored by the hand of Christ.

This woman was first and foremost in the love of gratitude, as well as the love of common affection. And so she seems to have led all the rest, and to have been first and foremost in seeking for Christ. And to her the voice of the Saviour was a voice of sweet familiarity and of greeting. It was as if he said, "All hail, to thee and to each !" This soothing their fears ; this lifting upon them the light of hope ; this radiant face of resurrection that they saw ; this coming forth from

the dead, not maimed nor crippled, and with no blood curdling in the veins ; this at once entering upon the social relation, with "All hail!" and "Be not afraid"—does it not interpret the whole after-spirit and mission of Christian life in this world ?

There is in the world a superficial and perishing pleasure of the senses which we are permitted to have. It is good of its kind, and for its uses ; although, as compared with better it is poor. And there is nothing in Christianity that frowns upon this. An excessive addiction to it is frowned down ; but even philosophy learned to do that.

Christ taught a deeper joy, a soul-regaling joy. He opened the eye to the world everlasting. He taught men to derive their satisfaction, not from things that perish, but from thoughts ; from pure emotions ; from noble ambitions ; from all tender relationships ; from a sweet and divine and spiritualized taste. He opened the eye to the world everlasting, coupling this with that, and making them a part one of the other—this but the vestibule ; that the temple.

And since then the empire of joy has been extended. It is true that through misinterpreting the spirit of the Master, his suffering has by some, and for periods of time, been made the most significant ; but he looks with an uninstructed eye who supposes that the history of Christ, or the peculiar genius of Christianity, is sorrow. In spite of all the symbols that he employed, though he said we must take our cross and follow him, yet by his own disciples, among the apostles, in the early church, and in the words which he himself uttered, it was still taught that the empire of joy was the empire of Christianity ; and that it came, to be sure, to make men weep—but tears that should dry up tears, they were ; to make men sorrow, only that they may be lifted above sorrow ; to make them bear the cross, only that the cross might by-and-by bear them. Christianity was educating and reforming. But it made men suffer—yet only as the surgeon does, who takes them from pain toward sanity ; from sickness toward health. And though the medicine be bitter, the bitterness is that the tongue may be cleansed from bitterness. And they are made weak by medicine that they may be made strong, and do without it. And Christ came with tears, came with suffering, and died ; but that he might put an end to suffering, and establish joy in all the world. And when he returned to his disciples, after his short sleep in the grave, his first spontaneous, outbursting greeting, was, not that of his own suffering ; not that of the weary world which he had re-entered ; not that of the awful and affrighting mysteries that might have been imagined in the other life. He came back young, and sweet, and, as it were, vivacious, with "All hail !" upon his lips, and "Be not afraid" cheering them from out of his heart. And since that time, they that have truly known the Lord Jesus Christ

have never ceased to have, from day to day, this sweet greeting. As the morning comes, it is still "All hail!" to those who know how to listen. And in the great and hot noons of summer, when all the air in the great ball above our head trembles as wine in the cup, it is still, from out of that great air above us, "All hail!" And when evening, coming forth, approaches with tenderness, it is still "All hail!" And every day and every year, the voice still sounds, to those that have an ear to hear, and shall to the very end of life, "All hail!" And when death itself shall come to us, still the greeting will be, "All hail!" And as we leave things certain, and venture into things uncertain, still the voice will say, "Be not afraid." For these first words with which Christ came back to his disciples, are words that now sit high in the heaven, and sing forever and forever the notes of the world's joy and of the world's deliverance.

I will not follow further in this line of thought to-day; but there are some points of application which I may well make before I leave you to your own reading and to your own better meditations.

These words of our Master are words which may be called *messages*, to-day. They come to those who are beginning a Christian life with peculiar appropriateness. You are entering upon a life, my dear friends, such of you as have been called to Christ, and have listened to the invitation, and are becoming, in the sight of men, the recognized disciples of the Master—you are entering upon a life which has its trials, its watches, its sufferings. I should scorn to call you to any life not demanding manhood. To be a Christian man requires you to be a full and noble man. You are called to reason. You are called to all the noble variations of moral sensibility. You are called to every depth of affection. You are called to discipline. You are called to enterprise. You are called to all achievement. You are to make yourselves better, nobler, happier, that men may be won to your side. You are to make your companions better. You are to make the world better. Ye that have put your first steps into the royal road have entered upon such a life as this. And to you the word of the Lord comes this morning, "All hail! Be not afraid." He that has called you will walk with you. He that has begun the work in you will complete that work in you. Be not afraid of temptations, that they will be mightier than your faith. With every temptation he will open a door of escape. Be not afraid that men shall harm you. If God be for you, who can be against you? You are created by him. He has suffered for you. He has lain entombed. He came forth, perfected by suffering, to be the Captain of your salvation. And in the earliest experiences of your Christian life, he says, "All hail! Enter. Live on. Be not afraid. Because I live, ye shall live also."

And to those that are far along in the Christian experience this voice sounds out, likewise. To you Christ still says, looking upon all that remains of your mortal life, looking upon the uncertainties which many of you feel, looking upon the many difficulties which you are now wrestling with, looking upon providences which you cannot scan or interpret, looking at the mysteries which hang over your life—Christ still says to you, “Be not afraid !”

This morning, full of memories of his resurrection, is full, also, of suggestions and pledges of his faithfulness to you. Since you have proved him in days past ; since his word to you has been “Yea and Amen ;” since he has never broken a promise ; since he has done exceeding abundantly more for you than you could ask or think, how full and emphatic to you should be this greeting of your Saviour !

And to you who are out of Christ ; to you who have looked wistfully, to you who have felt yourselves unworthy to speak his name, if he could look upon you, with majesty and love in his gaze, he would gently beckon to you, and say to you, “All hail !”

To you who have never loved him ; to you who have done him despite ; to you who have set at naught the instruction of your childhood ; to you who have by a thousand judgments and warnings been often and often adjured to remember your own souls, and your God, he still would say, “All hail !” And if you turned with penitent heart to him, with open arms he would receive you, and say, as you lingered and looked wistfully, “Be not afraid.” Oh ! that there were in us to-day this heart of confidence and boldness, that we might venture boldly upon the Lord Jesus Christ, and *be not afraid !*

Once more. That which was true of our Master, and that which is true of us, and will be as long as we live, we shall find to be true in the life which is to come. We soon shall pass the allotted bound. We, too, must lie down in the grave. We must go forth into a life unknown, after so much that is known. A pathless path we must tread ; companionless go among the infinite hosts of the spirit land, alone, surrounded by millions ; go as though never taught to make proof of the first elements of experience there. And who shall bear us up ? Who shall stand by us in dying ? Who shall teach our thoughts to be strong, and our hearts to be brave ? And when flesh and heart shall fail, who shall be our salvation ?

Dying, the voice shall still be to us, “All hail !” And when bewildered, in the valley and the shadow of death, we seem almost to stumble, the rod and the staff shall be brought to our hand, to hold us up. And the voice shall still guide us, “Be not afraid.”

And upon the other side, when these eyes shall open again, and these hearts, chilled in death, begin once more to beat, then the first

words of greeting, oh mother! shall not be from your child; oh husband! shall not be from your wife; but Jesus shall meet us, and say, in the early morning of the eternal world, "All hail!" And, trembling, lost, uncertain, we shall be clasped us in his arms, while he shall say, "Be not afraid."

And then, as if the seas had broke forth, and as if all the heavens were but one mighty music-band, the angels of God shall acclaim us ransomed, and bring us where death shall have no more dominion over us forever and forever!

To the faith and the love of this ascended Saviour, I commend your souls.

## PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

Our Father, thou hast made us to need thee, and thou hast blessed us with the knowledge that thou dost need us. Thou hast spoken by thy Son, and thou hast made known to us that he loves his own, and loves them unto the end, craving for them, that where he is, they may be also. Thou givest interpretation to meanings of our own hearts. Our inarticulate yearnings, the longings which come, we know not whence, and point we knew not whither until by the Holy Spirit we were enlightened; the prayers uttered through us by the Spirit; the groanings for us which cannot be uttered—all these teach us of God's work, and of his wonderful way toward men. What we are we know not. We find our forces less than all the agencies around about us. We are filled sometimes with admiration, and oftener with pity, and sometimes with contempt for ourselves and our fellow men. In the great aims of life; amidst all its strivings, and supersessions, and treacheries and deceits; in its cruelties, and cryings therefor; in all the great round of fears, and rivalries, and excitements, wherein men are lifted up and measured, and cast down as in a moment, if we look forth into the boiling tumult of human life, to behold what man is, measured by time, how poor a thing is he! How weak and worthless is life! A dream; and a dream mostly filled with nightmare. But if we look at thine heart, and at all the way of manifestation which thou didst make upon earth, there is something more to man than that which is revealed here. This is but the first summer, and not the blossom-bearing summer. There is another life; there is a higher realm; there are other developments. He is worth more than he seems to be. His weakness is not the index of what his nature is. Thou hast reserved him for a higher sphere; and all the outgoings toward him of thy nature, and thy thoughts, and all thine acts, do interpret him to be of a stature worthy to be called a son of God. And it is in this future enlargement, it is in the fact that we carry the germ of immortality, and that we are not known now even to ourselves nor to one another, but that we are walking disguisedly, and that we are better than our best, and that there is more in weakness than might can understand, and that we are to rise far above the power of sublunary things, and stand redeemed from every trace and taint of sin and weakness—it is in this that we have joy, and it is in this that we glory. For, if we sleep forever when we sleep, we are of all beings most miserable. And if, with such a height of expectation, with susceptibilities so acute and so wide, we are to be quenched as the taper is, and to go out in darkness, life is not worth having, so little is that which we have in life. It is the beyond, that we long for. It is the right to be ourselves in all the largeness of a true and royal nature. It is that we may become like unto thee. It is the hope of that blessed society in heaven which makes life tolerable. And we rejoice that we are not left dimly to guess; that our pulse is not left to beat feebly with pulsless expectation. Thou hast spoken it, and the words have come to our ears and to our hearts, and we believe it—that *because thou livest we shall live also*. Thou hast ascended up from on earth. Here thou didst walk and speak the words of eternal life. Here thou didst hold forth thy heart of love, and thou didst cheer us in all the way of life. Now thou art waiting behind the screen. It is but a veil. Only these mortal bodies hide between us and thee. Ere long they will be taken down, and then we shall see thee as thou art, and shall be like thee. Oh! with what greetings shall we be received! How blessed it will be when we rise to meet thee in the other land! But now we are exiled children, away from home, taught in school afar off, and awaiting the summons of blessed affection. Yet we desire, oh Lord our God! during all the time in which we are tabernacled in the flesh, to walk by the faith of the Son of God; to have no idol, and no other God but thee. We desire to cling fast to thy words and to thy love. For if we are with thee, nothing can harm us.

And we pray that thou wilt grant that thy people may be augmented. We thank thee that so many know the hidden glory of thy Spirit; that so many know the secret of divine love; that so many have walked by faith, as seeing Him who is invisible.

We are gathered together, this morning, to celebrate again, to renew all our thoughts and all our sensibilities in view of thy resurrection, and thy rejoicing life. Come forth again the flower of the world, the light of time, the blessedness of the universe, the hope of eternity. Thee we hail this morning, and we acclaim thy name. We rejoice in thee. We rejoice in thy power, which not only brought thee again from darkness and death, but is bringing us forth from darkness and death. And now we beseech of thee that we may with all our hearts renew our life and our service to thee, and cling to thee only, so long as we live.

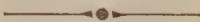
We pray for thy blessing upon our households. May a new light come with the Sabbath day. If there are any who have not been wont, with their households, to seek thee from day to day in prayer, may this be the day of all the year in which they shall come before thee, and establish in their households the daily prayer. Rise upon them with a more blessed resurrection even than that which is recorded in history. Bring home thine own self to them, and stand in the midst of every family, and say to them, *All hail!*

And grant, we beseech of thee, thy blessing to rest upon any that are wandering. Restore them. Clear the sight of those that see a little, but do not see distinctly, that they may have a guide on the way of purity and truth and love. Reclaim those who are gone astray. We pray for the outcast and the neglected. We pray for the ignorant and the uninstructed. May there be many that shall be filled with that suffering love of Christ which shall go forth to seek and save the lost, and have them restored.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt bless bountifully, this day, the assemblies of thy people which are gathered together in joy to worship thee. And may thy servants that speak be prepared to speak the very truth of God. May there be those that shall go forth with the light and knowledge of Christ unto all the nations of the earth.

O Lord! let thy promises at last hasten. Long, long have the predictions waited. At last let the morning dawn, and the night flee away, and all the joy of the earth be consummated.

And to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, shall be praises ever more. *Amen.*



#### PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Heavenly Father, how shall we ever thank thee in mortal language for that gift of nature and of grace for which the world waited long—the gift of thy Son, Jesus Christ—a blessed gift. Oh, Purity of heaven come to earth! oh, Gladness of love made known to men! oh, Grace of truth and justice, yet not acerb! oh, Joy, yet not sensuous and impure! oh, Blessedness of God, and Hope of man! let others leave thee, we will not, if thou wilt not leave us. Since the day our souls heard thy call to us, we have loved thee, and through thee have learned to love the Father and the Spirit. But thou art nearest to us, and most comprehensible to us, and art personally concerned in us, and all thy thoughts are around about us, and we are drawn to thee with irresistible attraction. We would be better. We would have thy friendship purifying us. We would be redeemed from the weakness of the flesh, and from the power of temptation, by the majesty of thy victorious love. And since thou art willing, we are willing. We rejoice that

thou takest us in all our defilements, and all our imperfections, and art teaching us how to be tender, and how to be forgiving, and how to be magnanimous toward those who are unworthy of the greatness of thy love and magnanimity toward us. Oh! what despite hast thou suffered at our hands! Oh! what long tolerance has thine infinite purity had! Oh! how gentle and gracious has thy sparing mercy been! So blunted have we become, that we do not appreciate the way of grace with us from day to day, and through all our life; and yet, it has been through thy goodness.

And now, O Lord Jesus! we will not leave thee nor forsake thee. We will not let doubts drive us from thee. We will not suffer any cunningly devised philosophy to drive us from thee. We will not suffer the world, nor the pleasures thereof, to seduce us from thee. Hold us fast. Do not let us go till the day break—nor then. Hold us fast while we live, and, by living, bring us unto that greater love, and that greater joy, and that greeting of the morning when the shades have fled away and the singing birds shall be far behind us, and the rolling time shall no longer be heard, and no storm shall be felt or dreaded; in that sweet morning of everlasting peace, when thou shalt receive us with *All hail!* to heaven. And then we shall see thee as thou art. In amplitude, in transcendent glory, in ineffable love, we shall behold thee. And as those that are around about thee sing forth their everlasting joy, we, too, caught in the sympathy, will praise thee, Father, Son and Spirit, evermore. *Amen.*



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"Mrs. Wells! To set her up as *my* model! Now, I dare say, she spends just three times as much."

"No, she doesn't, nor in fact any more than you do."

"Oh, nonsense! How do you get over the new bonnets, dresses, and fancy furbelows one always sees about her? No, no, Mrs. Brown, I calculate the whole matter in plain figures. I thought I should have something better than Miss Smith gets up, so I went to New York, where I tired myself almost to death looking for something reasonable, and at last had to take the nearest to my means. I was well pleased with it till Mrs. Wells called on me next day with the loveliest bonnet I ever saw. It never cost less than twenty-five dollars in the city."

"I know all about it. It didn't cost but six dollars, and it didn't come from the city."

"Six dollars! Where could any one get such a bonnet in Maysville? Then, again, when I was in the city I saw a dress like that of Susie Wells—it was eighteen dollars."

"And Susie Wells' cost her mother only nine."

"Where does she get such bargains? I never see them. When I go to Miss Smith for anything new, it's some notion she's borrowed from the Wellses. I do believe they set the fashions in this village for dressmakers and all."

"Mrs. Wells can do it if she likes; for the truth is, she has a sure guide. This is the secret. Yes, and what's more, Mrs. Wells doesn't buy half those new things ready-made—she makes them herself."

"Oh! it's all in gumption, then. I never had any."

"No, not that alone. I went down to her house yesterday to take tea, and somehow we came to talk about economy, and I said I didn't see how some folks managed to make such a show, when others, doing quite as well in the world, couldn't. 'Now, you don't mean me?' said Mrs. Wells, laughing. 'Why, yes,' said I, bluntly. 'I do. Mrs. Wells, Maysville people think you are awful extravagant.' 'Why?' said she. 'Because you have so many new things, and made so costly.' 'I'll warrant,' said she, 'that all mine and the children's new things together don't cost me any more than yours.' 'Why, how is that?' said I. 'Because,' said she, 'I make every penny tell, for I've got an invaluable guide. It furnishes patterns and ideas, and tells what to get, and how to make up, so explicitly, that a body can't help understanding. With such practical instructions, it is a delight to contrive for myself. There are a hundred and one notions to add effect to a toilet: how to cut and ornament dresses, aprons, sacks, jackets, even to under-clothing. It puts to use all the odd ends of materials one may have.' 'I wish you would put me on the right track,' said I, 'for I've got tired of pinching and screwing.' 'With all my heart. You have only to send three dollars for a year's subscription to DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE—the aid, counselor, and helmate I've been telling you of.'

"I have just finished my story in time," said Mrs. Brown. "There's Mrs. Wells coming up the garden-path."

Mrs. Well's entrance had been the signal for an active rehearsal from Mrs. Brown of a portion of her own and her neighbor's recent discourse. All listened anxiously for her sentence upon Mrs. Brown's narrative.

"I am prepared to indorse all I said yesterday," said Mrs. Wells; "and I can even say more. All of you praised the trifles in the way of pastry and other refreshments I contributed to our last year's fair. The Household Department of the MAGAZINE was my guide; it is especially devoted to the interests of housekeepers."

"Where did you learn of the existence of your *guide*?"

questioned Mrs. Hart.

"I read of it in the village paper."

"Oh, we don't take that."

"Not take the *Maysville Times*: I'm surprised. Why it's to every one's interest to take the local papers. I'd as lief be out of the world as to be without the news."

Before any one could reply, a chorus of voices welcomed the good shepherd of the Maysville flock.

"What have you there?" said Jennie Kip, the pet and belle of the village, as the reverend gentleman began divesting a small packet of its wrapping.

"Something that I fancied might be of use and interest to you ladies in the pursuit of your good work: DEMOREST'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE."

There was a rapid interchange of glances.

"I thought you disapproved of light reading," murmured Miss Kip, mischievously.

"So I do, except when, like the literary department of this Magazine, it is instructive, and calculated to exert a strong moral influence. This Monthly is a great favorite at the parsonage. What I presumed might be of special service just now was this department of fashions, about which I know but little, but which wife affirms always contains valuable suggestions respecting wearing apparel."

"I have just been testifying to that before you came in," remarked Mrs. Wells. "And I remember a recommendation from a friend of mine; her husband is a builder, and she writes me he is laying the Architectural Department of the Magazine. He says the Model Cottages alone render it invaluable. My children hail its appearance quite as gladly as I do, and besides, I read aloud to them from its literary portion, because I find its general tone so pure and elevating."

"And so do I," chimed in the minister. "I think its refining influence, the variety it combines, and its neat dresses, render it a useful and valuable ornament for any parlor-table in the village."

"Any one of its peculiarities—its full-size patterns, braid and embroidery sheets, or twelve excellent pieces of music—is worth far more than the cost of a year's subscription," suggested Mrs. Wells. "The fashion gossip offers really new and acceptable ideas, because they emanate from the depot of the metropolitan modes, and are not a garbled rehash of old styles; and besides, each subscriber receives a valuable premium."

"I shall subscribe," exclaimed Mrs. Brown.

"So will I," said her neighbor.

The words were echoed from all parts of the room.

"Why not make up a club," suggested the pastor, "and give your orders to Mrs. Wells?"

"I should like that very much, and I will tell you why, frankly."

While every subscriber receives a premium, I should come into possession of a SEWING-MACHINE. Such a treasure!"

"You are quite deserving of such a prize, as the first to establish the merits of the Magazine here," said several.

In a few days Mrs. Wells' sitting-room boasted of a sewing-machine, and each member of the club a copy of the Magazine. . . . Miss Smith, who had hitherto been quite successful in palming off her antiquated styles upon the villagers, now found her occupation nearly gone.

"What shall I do?" said she, wringing her hands in despair, to a sympathizing soul, who chanced to be a member of Mrs. Wells' club.

"I can not say, unless you take DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, when you will be likely to find suggestions to help you out of your difficulty, as I most always do."

The result of this counsel was that Miss Smith sent in her subscription.

Soon after, the good people of Maysville remarked that a marvelous change had come over the millinery and dress making establishment they had of late almost ignored.

"How beautifully you have fitted up, Miss Smith," said her friend, who had been invited to take a look within.

"I've started anew as a branch of MME. DEMOREST'S EMPORIUM OF FASHIONS,—headquarters of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY. I'm very thankful to you for mentioning the Magazine to me, for it has helped me out of my trouble. I can work with so much satisfaction, and I have such a variety of new and beautiful styles that even the ladies from the city find all they require."

Time flitted swiftly by, and again the sewing circle had met at Widow May's.

"What a vast improvement there has been in our village since we have taken DEMOREST'S MONTHLY!" exclaimed Mrs. Brown; "we are certainly all brighter, better, happier, wiser through its influence. There is now one thing for which I have a great ambition. That is, to make up a club to get, as a premium, an organ for the church, I find I have only to show a copy of the MONTHLY. It speaks for itself. Will any of you aid me?"

Every voice chimed in assent. As women always do when they have a pet project, they commenced, and found their task so easy, that in a few days the entire subscription was on its journey to the Publisher of DEMOREST'S MONTHLY, No. 32 Broadway, New York.



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